大手牵小手

老师布置了一项作业：和家长一起朗诵一首关于秋天的诗，要录视频交上去。

爸爸找遍了书房，没找到现成的诗。他挠挠头说：找不到，咱们就自己写一首，写完到田里去念，那里声音好。

第二天早上，爸爸带我到村东的田埂上。稻子收完了，稻茬一排一排，像刚理过发的头。田埂边上的野花开得正旺，紫的居多，风一过，齐齐点头。爸爸清了清嗓子，说他念问句，我念答句。

爸爸问：谁把田埂铺成了金色？

我答：是秋天，还有整整一季的太阳。

爸爸问：谁在埂边站成一排，点头不停？

我答：是野花，它们在给秋天数拍子。

爸爸问：那我呢，秋天给我留了什么？

我答：它留了一条窄窄的路，和你手心里那点热。

念到最后一句，我伸手去牵爸爸。他的手大，把我整个手包住。稻茬在晨光里亮了一下，像鼓掌。爸爸说：就这段，录。

视频只有一分半。回放的时候我发现个问题：念到野花那句，我笑场了，因为一只蚂蚱从紫花里蹦出来，正撞在爸爸裤腿上。爸爸也看见了，他说这段不重录，蚂蚱是咱们请来的观众。

交上去那天晚上，老师在班级群里回了一句：拍得真好，尤其是牵手那一下。爸爸把手机递给我看，他耳朵红了。我早就发现，爸爸写诗的时候比谁都认真，被夸的时候比谁都害羞。

第二天，同桌问我那首诗是不是网上抄的。我说不是，是我和我爸在田埂上一问一答编出来的。同桌说他也想去，放学就缠着他爸爸去。结果第二天全班有六个人带来了秋天的诗，有写玉米的，有写柿子树的，还有一首写收割机排队的。老师把六首诗都贴在教室后墙的展示栏里，标题写：我们班的秋天。

后来每个周末，爸爸都会带我去那条田埂走一圈，不录像，也不念诗，就是牵着手走。他说那条路是咱们家的诗，念一遍不够。

A Big Hand Holding a Small Hand

Our teacher assigned a task: recite a poem about autumn together with a parent, and record a video to hand in.

Dad searched the whole study and could not find a ready-made poem. He scratched his head and said: if we cannot find one, we write our own, then go to the fields to

recite it. The acoustics there are good.

The next morning, Dad took me to the ridge east of the village. The rice had been harvested, and the stubble stood row after row, like heads freshly barbered. The wildflowers along the ridge were in full bloom, mostly purple, and when the wind passed they all nodded together. Dad cleared his throat and said he would read the questions and I would read the answers.

Dad asked: who spread the ridge out in gold?

I answered: autumn did, and a whole season of sun.

Dad asked: who stands in a row by the edge, nodding without end?

I answered: the wildflowers. They are counting the beats for autumn.

Dad asked: and what did autumn keep for me?

I answered: it kept a narrow road for you, and the little warmth in your palm.

At the last line, I reached out and took Dad by the hand. His hand was big and wrapped mine completely. The stubble gleamed once in the morning light, like applause. Dad said: this take, we record it.

The video was only a minute and a half long. When we played it back, I found a problem: at the line about the wildflowers I broke into laughter, because a grasshopper jumped out of the purple flowers and bumped right into Dad trouser leg. Dad saw it too. He said we would not reshoot, and the grasshopper was an audience we had invited.

The night we handed it in, the teacher replied in the class group: beautifully done, especially that moment of holding hands. Dad passed me the phone to look, and his ears turned red. I had noticed long ago that when Dad writes a poem he is more serious than anyone, and when he is praised he is more shy than anyone.

The next day my deskmate asked whether that poem was copied from the internet. I said no, that Dad and I made it up on the ridge, question and answer. He said he wanted to go too, and he pestered his father that very afternoon. In the end six kids in our class brought autumn poems the next day: one about corn, one about a persimmon tree, and one about harvesters waiting in a queue. The teacher posted all six poems on the display board at the back of the classroom, under the title: The Autumn of Our Class.

After that, every weekend Dad took me for a walk along that ridge, without recording and without reciting, just walking hand in hand. He said that path is the poem of our family, and one reading is not enough.